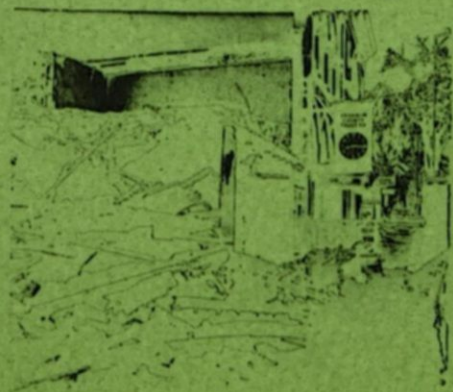


PROMETHEUS



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May 1971

Editor: Anne M. Coache

Staff:

Betty Yarmac

Debbie Reis

Jack Girard

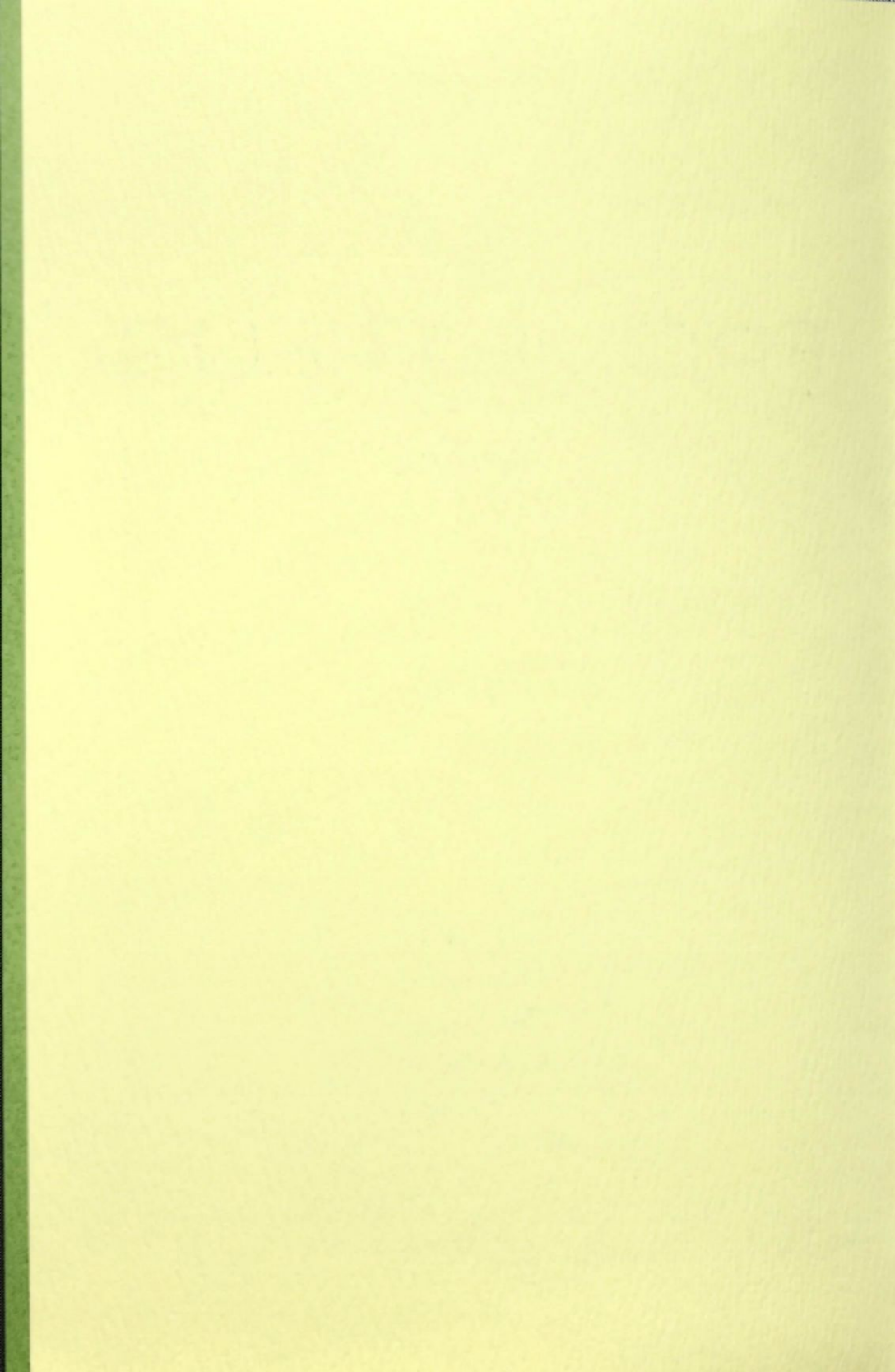
Andre Banville

Rod Raubeson

Wendy Johnson

GREENFIELD COMMUNITY COLLEGE

cover photo by andre banville



Hey, you, in your big long limousine!
You don't know the pure joy
Of going to a drive-in movie
In a fifty-two Chevy pick-up.

Hey, you, in that elegant restaurant!
You don't know the fun of
Sitting on the curb, eating
Oranges, with your friends.

Hey, you with your millions!
You don't know the triumph
Of having finally saved enough money
To buy that special thing you want.

Hey, you rich people!
You poor, poor, rich people
You can't afford the luxuries
Of the poor.

august



photograph by wendy johnson

He has gone today
I must kneel to pray
that he be free from attack
And God let's him back
Love for him is very great
Must be brave and bear the weight
Dreams at night keep me awake
But now I know it's my turn to wait.

lovet

The Gift

40,000 men have died for freedom!
Of your multitudes speak softly.
Freedom is our gift.
Let temple bells ring, let people sing,
rejoice throughout the land.

Think of our suffering and sacrifice!
Yes, we've seen our orphans, and burnt out woods.
But freedom is our gift.
Let temple bells ring, let people sing. . . .

Great is the gift of freedom!
In return you offer a monument?
Where? My Lai.
Let temple bells ring.

r. raubeson

1:15 a.m.

friend?
are you there?
i can't see you!
oh, there you are,
what a day i had today,
how was yours?
oh great.
mine?
not too good.
will you listen?
i knew you would,
you always do.
got hurt again.
is anything new?
gotta take hold
before i blow.
comfort me,
i need it.
tell me, anything.
did you see him today,
he's a beautiful person,
guess what, i'm a teaser.
did you know that?
yup, i am.
won't love him so i'm
a teaser.
had a discussion.
knew this might happen.
now i gotta face it.
help me,
i have never needed you
more

put



drawing by linda dawson

MY LOVE FOR THE SUN

Looking at the sky, all that can be seen
is blue.

Beyond the earth's atmosphere,
beyond the sight of man,
Its beauty, uncomprehensible and vague
remains unseen.

As was the case of my love.
The sky possesses many things that a human
can call his own.

I, an immature being that I am,
tried to conquer
the respect of the most Revered star,

Sun.
As time passed by,
Oh how I longed for the Sun's love again.
By this time, the year had changed from
the warmth of summer,

Into
the cold, blistery winter.
The Sun had changed its position in the sky.
It would have taken a super human task,
one that was unmusterable,
To reach, communicate with, and persuade the Sun
to come out of its cold position
Earlier than Mother Nature insisted.

So now as I sit and watch my Sun
drift below the horizon
And announce the dark,
I can only think of all the past blessings,
past sorrows,
all of which I experienced with the Sun.

In my heart, only hope
that my Sun will return, exists.
As the dusk is born for the final time,
only then will I see how much I missed

By living on hope.
But I will, with all fairness due,
for feeling
Its non-meaningful warmth for me,
feel something that will mean more to me.

Than that of any other Star.
It was, is, and always be
a part of me.

written by:
skip white

Why do we play an age old game
With new rules?
Is it that we are fooling ourselves
Or do we really mean it?
To love is beautiful.
To think we love will be a heartache.
How do I know by the look
In your eyes
That you really love me?

It is hard . . .
For my love is eternal.
I know.
But I must understand
We must both be free.
If I can love one
I can love others . . .
For you can.

You are beautiful
And I am filled with your beauty.
If I really love you
I must let you free in my mind.
Let others share your love,
Peacefully.
Yet why is my mind without peace?
Is it because I really don't love you . . .
Or is it I love you?



drawing by debbie reis

time
i am running a race with
time
who was always at my
beck and call
it is now running with me
and not against me
and not for me
but with me

steve e. belleveau



drawing by robert farris

An Hour in the Life of Death

"Corpsman, corpsman, I'm hit! God it hurts!" Jesus it feels like my insides are coming out. Dear God please don't let me die. What the hell am I talking about. If I talk about death most likely I will die. I think I read that in a book somewhere. Oh no, is that little Willie over there? My God you would think that if they wanted to kill us so badly, they'd at least let us die resembling someone. Least ways I won't look so bad. I just got a hole in my stomach. I don't know why I said that I'm going to live.

"Doc, I'm hurt bad please help!" Shit, with all that noise around how do I expect him to hear me. Maybe I can move to a better position so he can see me. Son of a bitch. I can't even move. I'h shaking like a leaf but I still can't move. Maybe I'm in shock? That's what they taught us in immediate treatment. Treat the patient for shock first. First I must keep warm. Damn it, must be 110 out. I'm tsweating like a horse. Next, what's next? Oh yea, keep him calm. Have to keep myself calm. Think calm thoughts. Girls, think about girls that'll keep me calm. OK, I'm back home now sitting on the couch with a can of beer in one hand and a girl on the otehr one. Not just any girl. She has to be beautiful. Maybe a blonde, no brunette with real pretty blue eyes. She's gotta have alot of class. I mean not a freak. She has to have a very feminine and sexy voice. But she's modest. That's one of her greater qualities. God, I don't know if I'll make it. Think man think. She's a great cook. She's filthy rich and she's giving it all up for me. No she's real poor. I'll get rich somehow and give it all to her. Sex? No there is no fooling around. We have a clean relationship. Ha, its funny I've been here 13 months no R & R and haven't had sex or seen a round eye and I'm with this beautiful chick and I don't think about sex. Ok, we pet, that's it. She's a virgin, no she's had one bad experience with some bum. And if I catch that bastard anytime I'll kill him. What the hell am I talking about there is no such guy or girl. Do people go crazy before they die?

Man I'm bleeding like crazy. How much blood does the body hold? If I'm correct, about eight pints. Maybe I can estimate how much I have lost or how fast it's going? I don't want to lift my hand because it's going like crazy, must be a hole down there about six inches across. If I did lift my hand it would come gushing out, like mad and I'd be dead in seconds. Eight pints! God that isn't much. Jesus, with something like 90% of your body liquid you'd think they'd put in more blood. Something like 30 or 40 pints. It's gotta be more than eight. The important thing is, I feel pain. Boy, what pain! And that's a good sign because if I didn't hurt then it would really be serious.

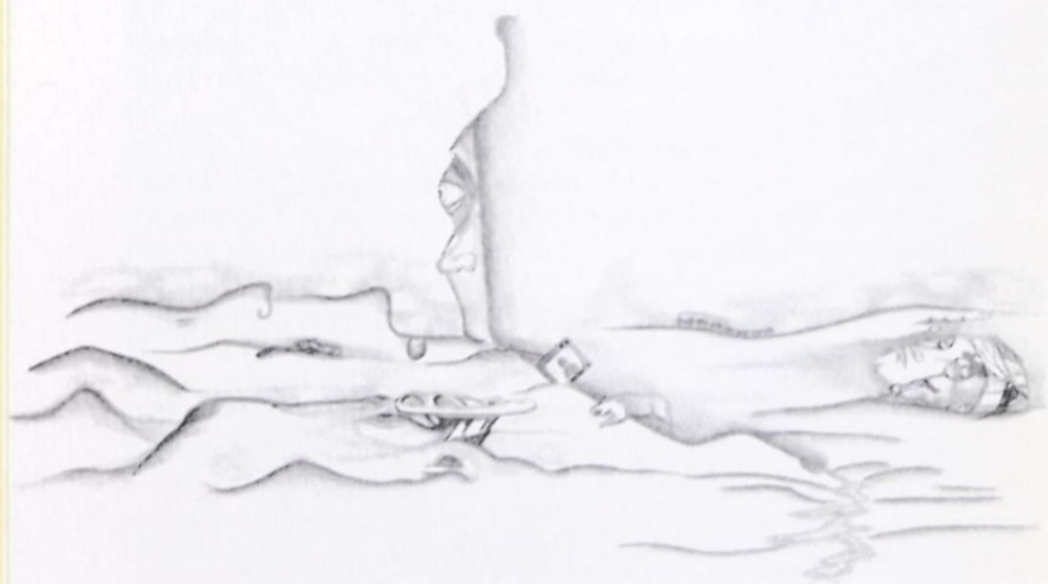
Now I still have my senses so let's be realistic about this problem. There is a chance, very remote, but still a chance I might die. In which case I would either go to heaven or hell. Now I have no great urge to go to hell so to go to heaven I have to talk to God, make up for my sins. How do I start? Dear God, I want to go to heaven instead of hell and I'm sorry for my sins. Christ, I'm having trouble breathing. Oh, I didn't mean Christ in the Christ sense. I meant it in the God sense. You know what I mean Sir. I can't be like that I have to be more diplomatic. Dear God, if I'd had a million places to die this would absolutely be the last place I'd pick. I'm filthy and it smells around here. I'll tell you what, I'll die peaceable if you let me just stay alive till they take me to the hospital. Let me die in a bed, with clean, white sheets? It's been so long since I've been in one of those things. How about one more stipulation? You'll let me take a shower too. I really feel cruddy. It's been about 4 months, you know. After a shower and those white sheets I'll be in perfect condition to die. I know a better way. I don't mean this to be funny but old age. No think of it, for a second. Boy, I'll be your greatest friend. I haven't done anything constructive yet. Give me a little bit longer. Even if it's just till I get back to the states. As I step off the plane you can throw a lightning bolt through me. I promise I'll never screw another girl as long as I live. Let's look at it rationally, what are you going to gain by my death? Nothing really. If anybody is going to lose anything it's gonna be my family. My father always wanted for me to be something great. But the only thing the government will give him is a purple heart posthumously. One dinky, little medal to show what I had accomplished. Honest I'll be the ideal person.

I can hardly feel any pain anymore. From my neck down I can't feel a thing. Maybe my body is accepting the fact that I'm going to be fine. The doc's coming now, perfect timing. Now I have to think of something profound to say. Like they do in the movies. What did Audie Murphy say and do? How about John Wayne? I have to say something that will go down in history. Give me liberty, or give me death. Someone has already said that I think. That's corny anyway. God, I'm beginning to feel light headed. Must be from lack of sleep. Well a couple of weeks in the hospital I'll feel great. Here he is I'll just say something off the top of my head. Heaven help me, I can't talk! He's saying something to me and I can't hear him. Maybe I'm just stiff from laying here so long. Jesus I'm tired. I've never felt so tired. Feels like everything has drained out of me. Ha—now there's one helluva pun. That's alright I'll just sleep now and by the time I wake up everything will be alright. Right God? Baby, you and me got a deal going. Wow, never felt so tired, dizzy and weak. Need lots of sleep. Closing my eyes. Everything is fine. Feels like I'm going around and around in a black void. Everything alright alright . . .

frank staley



etching by starr florio



drawing by bruce brown

Bottleneck

The fog that crept on puddles
that stand on sidewalks,
stuck its nose out into the bay
pulled it back
and retreated through alleyways.
A drunken mist swaggering
through some cities grave,
mingling with the heat of a hobos fire
then wrapping around a backstreet shack,
like a shawl pulled tightly
to an old womans neck.
A satin quilt sliding through corridors
peaking through windows
at men engulfed in bottles.

bruce brown

Cliche

The sun broke over Boston
like a crashing wave
catching unwary pedestrians on the side of the head
and tossing them
 like so much seaweed
 upon the sidewalk.
but they weren't abashed
only amazed and ecstatic
for only a moment before
the oil-black night had hung
like a hundred dead men
upon the city.

t. crosby

goodbye to the Sunday
Christians
and the love
they preach
in church
why
can't you practice
your
religion outside;
is
it that sacred
that it can't be taken
home?

dorell

Life:

Enter it with a God-given brain;

Leave it with a man-made mind.

Enter it with God's own innocence;

Leave it with man's guilt.

Enter it with the beauty of conception;

Leave it with the ugliness of death.

Enter it as God's own child;

Leave it as man's own mistakes.

Enter it with God's gift of love;

Leave it with man's gift of hatred.

Enter it as a righteous soul;

Leave it as a poisoned spear.

:Life

It does not have to be this way.

For God is in innocence,

God is in beauty,

God is in conception,

God is in children,

God is in Love,

God is in righteousness

:Life

bob solomon



photograph by steve flynn

When there is nothing there
Where can one go?
Should one always be in search
or should one smile and stay
alone
Should one talk for understanding
or write
or remain misunderstood
No one can help you
in what to do or say
except maybe
they can hold you
or stay close
close not just physically
but near to you put them
in your heart.
But, when there is no one
where can one go.

The sky tinged around the edges
With the first rays of dawn,
And a pond, glazed with ice,
Were reflecting about what
They had seen.
A small earth-child interrupted
Saying, "Excuse me,
Could you tell me
 Where I'm going?"
They laughed at her innocence,
And pushing her hair
Back from her face, said,
"You are going home;
It's a long way."
Then kissing her on the nose
They sent her on her way.
And continued where
They had left off.

august

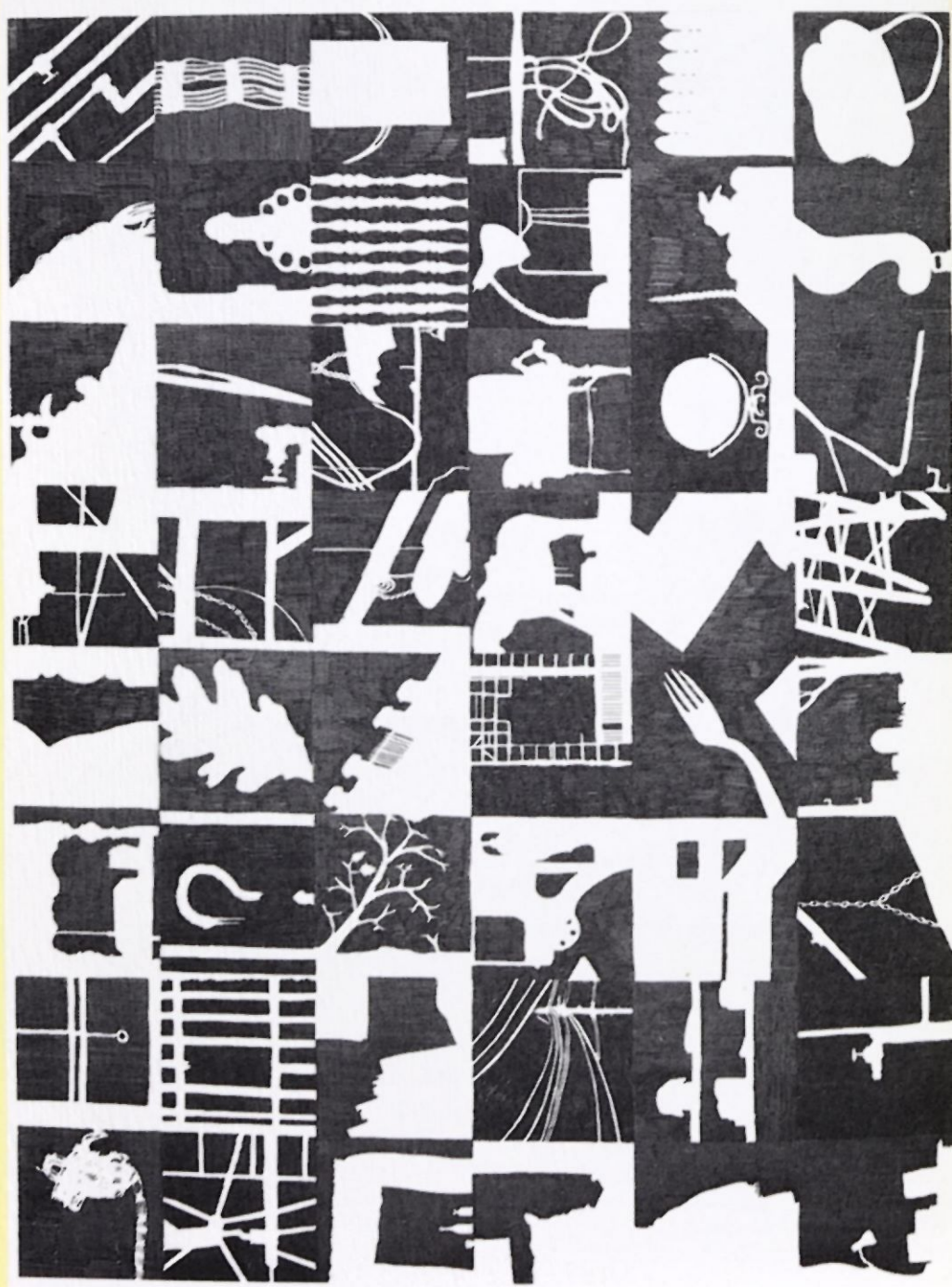
i,
sit in the sun
drinking my wine,
feeling
fine.
but the feeling's
not mine
if it comes from
the vine.



photograph by anne m. coche

the sun
like a star through the trees,
shines on me,
and . . .
brightens my day.

anne m. coche



drawing by karen gallerani

Because I don't know
I can't put it together
The puzzle is me
and the pictures
my life
the spaces are sometimes you —
sometimes you fit
but always not quite
my life is now
resembling an almost.

Brother
To love God . . .
 more than me
Must be an intense feeling.
Why?
Are you so sure of then,
We cannot join our love to life?
I can never bear the fruit,
But only stand naked
 in the wind . . .
And blow to dust.

debbie reis



lithograph by andre banville



photograph by wendy johnson

To a person I feel I know well
A person whose virtues
She need never tell
For in the presence of her
Maybe only briefly
You can tell she believes in good
things deeply.
And I hope that in the infinite
springs to come,
I can be near her some

dean

haiku

the snow softly falls
while quietly covering
last year's memories

shall I compare you
to a summer day
warm
sensuous
alive with the noise of life
or
to the quiet stillness
of a day in winter
pensive,
almost encompassing everything.
I think you are both

dorell

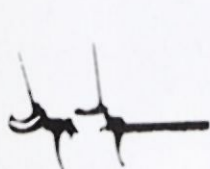


photo silkscreen by keith brinkerhoff



halftone silkscreen by steve flynn

who, me?
who, me, hurt?
are you kidding
i never do.
involved, me?
never have,
hung-up, me?
never happen.
my world has no emotions
involved what so ever.
my heart can never be broken,
it's so pliable, it can be
pushed and shoved in any desired
direction or shape.
oh, you're like this?
i admire you
your smart.
it's the only way to be,
wish i was
can't change now
can only hope and pray,
someday . . .
i dream too much

put

complicating simplicity
is perhaps,
my greatest sin.

anne m. coche



